

## The Evening World.

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### THE OLD QUESTIONS.

LAST night's shocking railroad wreck at Porter, Ind., in which more than forty people lost their lives and a hundred more were injured, raises the same old questions:

Why did an engineer run past a signal set against him and into an open derailing switch?

Above all, where the tracks of two railway lines cross or join each other, multiplying the risks of collision, why is it not possible to stop trains automatically so that lives may not depend on an engineer's seeing or heeding a signal?

Why are these wooden cars in use to-day on any railroad?

The biggest loss of life is reported to have occurred in the wooden day coach of the Michigan Central train. The steel sleepers of the New York Central train were overturned, but comparatively few persons in them were seriously hurt.

There ought not to be one wooden passenger car on any railroad in the United States to-day.

At points of special danger, like crossings, the best automatic train stopping devices so far available should reduce the human equation to its lowest terms.

More than forty lives have to be sacrificed to provide a new spur toward greater safety!

### NOT THAT ARM!

Hiram seems to think some of the newspapers hereabout are fogging his arm. Surely not the arm that upholds the paladium!

### A NEAT STROKE.

APPOINTMENT of "Young T. R." as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was a sagacious move on the part of the Harding Administration.

In a near-Cabinet position which befits his years, the Roosevelt name alone will be a balm to the progressive wing of the party, which has felt rather lonesome since election.

Whether Col. Roosevelt's acceptance of the post may prove as wise for his political future remains to be seen. Unless all signs fail, the new Administration will be reactionary and anything but progressive. Whether a young man is wise to associate himself with the "Old Guard" is open to serious question.

In any event, the country is in a fair way of acquiring a political tradition that the Roosevelt family has first call on the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The country is watching this "son of his father." So too are the political leaders. It is fair to presume that the party chieftains are more or less deliberately helping the son to follow his father's footsteps, and will continue to help as long as the son can hold the stride.

On the other hand, it will be recalled that the father achieved some of his greatest renown by fighting the established party leaders.

### GOOD IRISH SENSE.

It is encouraging to note that Americans of Irish birth, ancestry and sympathy are backing Father Duffy in the stand he took at Carnegie Hall Friday evening when Sinn Fein zealots in the balcony tried to hoot down Sir Philip Gibbs.

Saturday and yesterday many Irishmen were saying what they had been thinking. Father Duffy provided a leadership that will gain increasing support. Many Irish with a born and bred hatred for England and the English were denouncing as "fools" the disorderly element who mistakenly believe it will be possible to arouse American sentiment by a resort to hoodlumism.

Father Duffy, admitting that he would like to see an Irish Republic, told nothing but the truth when he warned the gallery disturbers that they were acting as British propagandists might be expected to act.

The sooner Irish enthusiasts in America let that truth sink in and take effect, the better their chance of giving effective aid to Ireland.

### IN PLACE OF THE SALOON.

"The elimination of the saloon brought with force the responsibilities of the community in providing, in some constructive way, for the employment of one's leisure. Take the ordinary day laborer. It is all very well to say that after a day's work under trying conditions he should be content to return to his home and his tired wife and share with her the blessings of several fretful children, each in the way of the other and all in the way of each. The plain fact is that he will not do it."

These words of Col. C. Seymour Bullock before the National Education Association present a clear statement of a truth that becomes increasingly evident as the "poor men's clubs" close their doors, or, if they continue to exist, defy the law and become more exclusively centres of expensive intoxication.

What will America devise as a substitute for the saloon?

As yet nothing has been devised. There is a

crying need for an informal and inexpensive type of meeting place.

Perhaps, as Col. Bullock suggests, the community should assume the responsibility. But how?

If a half of the mental effort now being devoted to "reforms," new prohibitions and sumptuary legislation were turned to a constructive effort to answer this one question, it is safe to assume that a good share of the "reforms" would prove unnecessary.

### THEATRE TICKET BILLS.

GOV. MILLER has signed the Walton-Smith bill which aims to rid this city of the sidewalk theatre-ticket speculator. That is straightaway action to abolish a nuisance.

But when it comes to the companion measure, which would punish a theatre-ticket broker for selling tickets at more than 50 cents advance over the box-office price, the Governor is reported doubtful.

One thing is certain. Collusion between theatre manager and ticket broker which puts practically all the best seats in the house for weeks at a time into the latter's hands to be sold at fancy prices is too unjust to endure. The better element among the theatre managers themselves has sought to put a stop to this practice.

But to try to make it illegal to sell a theatre ticket at more than 50 cents above the box-office price is a different proposition.

It is urged that if theatre ticket agencies as well as theatres can be made to operate, like taxicabs, under public license, they can be brought under similar regulatory laws.

So do hotels and restaurants operate under public license as licensed victuallers. Yet it has not been made illegal for hotels and restaurants to charge \$10 or \$20 for a meal of very ordinary "virtuall" on New Year's Eve or other occasions when public demand puts the privilege of eating in certain establishments at a premium. And food ranks as a prime necessity.

In a sense, every night at a great popular theatrical success in New York is a New Year's Eve. Greatly advanced box-office prices for first nights as well as advances for Saturday and holiday performances have already been introduced. And while the theatre manager knows that fancy scales of box-office prices would be bad business in the long run, the ticket broker is under no such restraint.

Nor is it strictly true to say the ticket broker preys upon the public. A substantial part of that public eagerly seeks him every day and finds fault with him if he cannot provide it with tickets for something it wants to see that same evening at any price he chooses to charge.

It is often necessary to travel by a certain railway train. It may be necessary to take a taxicab. But there is not the faintest necessity that any man or woman of the pleasure-seeking public should on a given night occupy a seat at a popular theatrical performance.

It is a luxury—for which, unfortunately, not a few people in New York are only too ready to outbid less fortunate lovers of the theatre.

Get ninety-nine per cent. of the theatre-going public to agree that a 50-cent advance over the box-office price is enough to pay for a theatre ticket, that it will stay home rather than pay more—and your theatre-ticket broker will cease like magic to be a gouger.

But so long as many theatre-goers continue to regard him as their best friend because he can "get 'em a couple of good ones for that night at \$8.80 per," he will thrive and manage to keep out of reach of any law that will stand the constitutional test.

Tax him more heavily and he will charge more for his tickets. Legislate him out of one shop and he will turn up presently in another. Cut him off from the theatre manager and he will hire hundreds to buy at the box office.

Until the theatre-going public—with far fewer exceptions than at present—resolutely turns its back on him, the theatre-ticket speculator will continue in one way or another to graft on this "show"-mad town.

### TWICE OVERS

"MR. HOOVER begins his day by meeting some one on business at breakfast, and has the newspapers read by the time he reaches his office."  
—George Barr Baker.

"THIS act is not only one of great humanity but one of good diplomacy."—Senator Kenyon of Iowa on the Senate vote of \$500,000 to send across the Pacific the grain donated by American farmers for famine sufferers in China.

"WE went to Russia to help build up the government with all our heart and soul. When we got there it was a terrible thing—simply terrible. I told Lenin and Trotsky what I thought of them, and I have paid the bill. They arrested my wife—they murdered her for nothing, treated her with unspeakable cruelty."—Morris Schwartz, who went to Russia to investigate conditions there and report to American Socialists.

## Too Much of This!

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By John Cassel



### From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Child Toller and Landis.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis is the bearer of one of those names not doomed to die. The name alone will keep his fame alive; yet in addition he has the credit of such loose thinking and acting as the imposing of a fine of \$29,000,000 on the Standard Oil Company in 1907.

Forbearing to impose sentence on convicted thieves is hardly a worse anti-social act than to impose the laughable fine. There was nothing laughable in the consequences, viz. the accelerating of the panic of 1907.

But it is of his comments on Senator Dial that I wish to speak. This Senator is one of those in the South that think work—steady work in cotton mills—is better than the continuation of the class of "poor whites." The "white trash" of the South is nothing less than a scandal. Not long ago I bought "The Child That Tolerated Not" by an author who travelled through the regions given over to these unfortunate. He was a Government inspector, and his report was suppressed by the influence of the new sisterhood of Northern reformers. So he put it in the form of a book. It impressed me with its sincerity and I gave it to the Public Library. Why should a report be suppressed?

No one can read it without thinking Senator Dial very much more of an improver of the race by supplying them with work, than Landis and his sentimentalists, who may have some impossible dreams of regeneration for "poor whites," as well as for all kinds of thieves as per recent press reports. It is too bad I forget the name of the author of "The Child That Tolerated Not." The book is at the library and it is O. K.  
ROBERT F. GREEN.

A Change in Sympathy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am a native-born American citizen and until a few years ago my sympathies were for England. Now my sympathies have turned all for Ireland. Why shouldn't any one's turn? During the early part of the World War the German methods employed in Belgium were considered brutal, especially the shooting of civilians. The whole world was aroused to a high pitch of indignation then, thanks to a good deal of English propaganda. Now the tables are somewhat turned. England is doing in Ireland what Germany did in Belgium. How about some propaganda now? Now is the time to advertise and advertise widely those brutal killings in Ireland. Now is the time for the whole world to demand Ireland's freedom. Domestic question? Is Poland a domestic question, or Czecho-Slovakia or any of the other small nations liberated after the late war? Decidedly not. The United States fought for the liberation of small nations. Now

is the time for us to demand of England a free Ireland.  
SAM BOY,  
South Amboy, N. J., Feb. 23, 1921.

Taxed for Idleness.

I really think it's a shame that the outbursts of an individual who shows the lack of intelligence of P. Daly should be printed in such an enlightening newspaper as The Evening World.

Although I am not familiar with the doctrines of the Single Tax Party, I know that when any land is worked by any individual (and in most cases the individual does not own the land he works) he receives payment in return for the amount of work he puts into it, be it with his mind or with his muscles. Should any land remain idle it is taxed for being out of use, which is no more than fair.  
A. RICHMAN,  
Bronx, Feb. 24, 1921.

Theatre Disturbers.

Allow me a few words concerning theatre disturbers. A few days ago I went to see a drama in a Brooklyn theatre. In the second act of this play and at the most thrilling moment of the scene a hearty laugh came out from one of the box seats. It was at a time when there was nothing to laugh at on the stage. The interruption seemed funny to a few more persons in the audience and they laughed, and the best part of a good play was interrupted for two or three minutes because of the noise.

People like that should not go to theatres to annoy the real theatre-goers. They should go to see a boxing bout or a baseball game, where noise does not bother any one.  
A THEATREGOER.

30 Hours of Light.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Permit another voice to be heard in support of the daylight saving plan. After reading the nonsense which emanated from the rudimentary intelligence of A. J. Weeding, I feel impelled to reply.

I am one of the workers and I certainly feel that the poor man is the one who gains by daylight saving. The worker is the man who needs that hour of daylight in the evening for outdoor sport or relaxation, not the man whose time is his own; to say nothing of the saving of the cost of approximately thirty hours' illumination each month. Persons with the Weeding calibre mind should receive a mental tax before being allowed to vote. I am wondering if he is a Prohibitionist.  
H. J. T.,  
Brooklyn, Feb. 24, 1921.

A World Sold Out.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
To-day's editorial, "The Great Failure," in the New York Tribune is just what one might expect of the Tribune—just a sublime lack of comprehension. The people understand where lies

## UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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MAKE EXPLANATION UNNECESSARY.

Politicians are not the only people who find explanations inconvenient. Explanations of conduct are always embarrassing. They are usually unsatisfactory.

Explanations are really first cousins to excuses. If you haven't yet discovered how futile excuses are you will, so there is no need of dwelling on them in this article.

An action that requires explaining may of course be a perfectly good and worthy action. In some rare cases it may be the only action possible.

But very often it is impossible to reach the people who are affected by it with the explanation. Many times they do not understand the explanation. Occasionally they refuse to accept it, although they know it to be perfectly valid.

So it is safer whenever possible to make explanations unnecessary. If you are about to do something that you know will lay you open to serious criticism, think first if it will HAVE to be explained, not if it CAN be explained.

Doing habitually things that require explanations will get you a bad name after a while, and although you are always able to make explanations, that will get you only the reputation of an "alibi."

A few illustrations will suffice to show how explanations are injurious.

A man in bad company is arrested for complicity in a crime some of his companions committed without his knowledge. He would not dream of committing any crime. He merely happened to be in the place where the crime was committed to do something for one of his questionable friends.

He can explain all that in court and clear himself. But hundreds of people who never read of his explanation will still think him guilty. If he had kept out of bad company in the first place it would not have required an explanation to keep him out of jail.

You make a succession of trifling errors in your work. Later a serious error of the same sort is made by a man beside you. He happens to be an alibi and blames you. You have to do considerable explaining to put the blame where it belongs, and you don't always succeed, for your record for errors is against you.

If you hadn't made the trifling errors in the first place you would have needed no explanation to establish your innocence of the serious one.

If you apply the explanation test to whatever you do you will make fewer mistakes and get into less trouble. Even when explanations are easy they are always troublesome, because it often happens that the man who ought to get them is beyond your reach.

Avoid excuses always. Avoid explanations whenever possible. By using a little care you can make nine-tenths of your explanations wholly unnecessary.

the failure. The Republican Party sold itself for a "mess of pottage," and the Republican Party has its men with the coming of Mr. Harding and his presumptive, illuminating Cabinet of great minds.

The Democratic Donkey can well be-haw in derision. The world understands how it has been sold out and realises if a city, State and Nation can be regulated by the common law that "Might is not right," a combination of civilized nations can join hands, under a law of humanity, to prove that the "pen is mightier than the sword."

Mears Lodge, Borah, Johnson, Hale, et al., will pass into oblivion, but Woodrow Wilson is immortal. AMERICAN CITIZEN.

## Get-Rich-Quick of The Ages

By Suetosar Tonjoro  
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### XI.—THE BARONS.

By common consent and usage, the word "robber" has been coupled with the word "baron."

This verbal marriage is justified by the record of centuries of merciless rapacity.

Here and there, through the darkness of the Middle Ages—the feudal period of civilization—there are glimmerings of the existence of good or near-good Barons. But the whole institution represented by the Barons was supremely vicious because it vested in a small minority the right to dispose of the persons and the property of the great majority. The feudal system, of which Barons, Counts and Dukes were the living symbols, was the greatest get-rich-quick scheme ever devised by the mind of man.

This colossal system of exploitation was invented by the Germans. They devised it as a workable means to insure the holding of the lands which they had acquired from the Roman Empire as it crumbled under their assaults.

Wherever German tribes advanced—westward, over France to Britain; eastward over Bohemia and Poland into Russia—they carried the feudalistic idea with them.

Every Baron ruled by the mailed fist. Lesser Barons had greater Barons, with heavier fists, to exact obedience and service and treasure from them. And the great mass of humanity at the base of the pyramid carried the crushing burden of the entire structure.

Jonathan Swift, who lived on the edge of the vanishing period of feudalism, put a great truth in whimsical form when he wrote:

No, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;  
And so proceed ad infinitum.

This piece of wise doggerel furnishes an accurate picture of society under the Barons. The greater Barons bit into the lesser Barons. The lesser Barons bit into the common people—the "infinitum," who had no mailed fists with which to defend themselves. And all that was left for the common people to bite was—the black earth.

But the time came when the Big Flea—the most powerful Baron in this or that country—began to reserve the biting privilege to himself. That Big Flea was the King. This tendency furnished a measure of protection to the common people. In other countries, as in England, it was the Barons who placed a limit on the rapacity of the King.

Both roads led to the same destination. In France and Germany the growing power of the King served to concentrate responsibility and reduce the hydra-headed monster of oppression to a single head, easily removable by the guillotine. In England the cause of the Barons became identified with the cause of the people.

And the growth of the bourgeoisie, or mercantile and artisan population living in towns or cities—now so bitterly denounced and persecuted by the Bolsheviks in Russia and their sympathizers in other lands, not excluding America—supplied a check on the rapacity of both Kings and Barons.

The feudalistic structure was badly shaken by the discovery of gun powder, which tended to place in the hands of the average man, the smallest flea, the means of stopping the armored horseman in his tracks and to make it available at comparatively small cost.

But it took the American Declaration of Independence and the fall of the head of Louis XVI—the biggest Baron of France—into the basket twenty-three years later to signalize triumphantly the collapse of the robber Baron institution.

That institution, however, survived in some of the darker corners of Europe until our own day. It lasted in Russia until Alexander II abolished serfdom. Roumania, saddled by history with a system of feudal land-ownership that reduced the great masses of great prospects to a condition of serfdom, is now struggling to free itself from an institution that bled the body and blighted the soul of Europe for at least ten centuries.

The fall of the Barons teaches us that it is an exceedingly long lane that has no turning.

## Are You Observant?

WHAT PLACE IN NEW YORK CITY IS THIS?  
Read the Answer in the Next of the Series.

### NO. 7.

As you climb the slight rise in the avenue going south, you are suddenly aware that it ends a short way down the street. The trolley cars have turned off it and gone to the west. You are confronted by a row of old-style apartments that show from the outside they are roomy, although you suspect the rooms not in the front or rear will be dark. A short distance away is the park, while west the elevated runs. It is not really old New York, but it is old for this new generation. The character of the private houses that abound along the lower end of it mark it as a place that once had great prospects for a residential district of private homes for persons who wanted to be uptown yet near enough to transit to keep in touch with downtown through the elevated.

Answer to previous description—Vacant plot on Fifth Avenue opposite Metropolitan Museum of Art.